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CINDERELLA.

AUBURT
GALLION QUE

Voir Al Pozer 15282

CINDERELLA.

Who is there that has not delighted in the story of Cinderella and her glass slipper—how that she was made to do the drudgery of the house while the sisters enjoyed themselves in their own selfish way; how the latter attended the prince's grand ball while Cinderella was left at home; how the good fairy, taking pity on her, dressed her up in gorgeous apparel and covered her feet with the glass slippers; how the prince loved, sought, found and finally made her his wife.

It is an old, old story and silly too, perhaps; but there is a grave lesson behind it. Beauty does not consist of the mere formation of the face or figure. There is no beauty like the manifestation in the face of a spirit, kind, gentle and generous; there is no greater extinguisher to the beauty of mere elegance and regularity of features than a spirit of discontent and selfishness. The contented one is the happy one, and happiness expressed on the countenance itself is beauty. And contentment and happiness are their own reward. They are not likely to bring, in these days, fairies as guardians, or princes for husbands, or princesses as wives, but, far better, they create an atmosphere which seems to benefit all who breathe it and render the possessor of these qualities beloved, esteemed and a blessing to all who come in contact with them.

Temperance Department.

HOME MISSIONARY WORK.

BY FLORENCE H. BIRNEY.

Mrs. Harrover was comfortably seated in her neat kitchen one warm June day, braiding a sack for little Marjory and at the same time watching some cakes in the oven, when a tap at the screen of the door caused her to look up and see her neighbor, Mrs Daly.

"Come in," she cried, in genial tones, and, as her visitor entered, she sprang to offer her a seat, remarking, "You look very warm. I am afraid you have walked too fast."

"I didn't walk too fast; but it's dreadful warm," replied Mrs. Daly, removing her shaker sun-bonnet and disclosing a very flushed face. "I wouldn't have come to-day, but I've been owing you that pint o' molasses so long I was 'most ashamed to look you in the face. But here it is at last," and she set a small tin-pail on the table; "and I'll pay you back them eggs as soon as I can scrape a dozen together."

"Don't hurry about it," said Mrs. Harrover pleasantly. "You know our hens are famous layers, so I always have enough on hand."

"Yes," said Mrs. Daly in a resigned tone, "everything seems to prosper with some folks. I never was one of the lucky ones;" and then she sighed as she looked about the neatly-arranged kitchen and contrasted it with the one of which she was mistress. She saw the difference very plainly.

Mrs. Harrover's kitchen was indeed a homelike, cheerful room. The stove was brightly polished; the tins hung shining on their nails, neat blue shades were at the windows, the floor and tables were as white as soap and sand could make them, and not a fly was to be seen, the wire screens proving an effectual barrier to the entrance of these little pests of a housekeeper's life.

"It is work and good management which cause us to prosper," said Mrs. Harrover, "We shouldn't get along so well if Henry wasn't always looking out for loose screws, and both of us as industrious and economical as poor people ought to be if they expect to make any progress at all."

"I used to be spry enough when I was young," said Mrs. Daly, "but I've lost all heart to try. Time was when I took some pride in things; but I've got discouraged, and now I let the house take care of itself, mostly. Anyhow, mine never would look like yours. I don't see how you manage to keep everything so clean.

"I use plenty of soap, sand and water, and never let anything get out of place," said Mrs. Harrover. "I think there is more need now than ever for your trying to keep your house nice. Your boys all nearly men, and your girls growing large—they will soon be able to do for themselves, and if their home isn't pleasant, depend upon it they will leave it."

"I look forward to that," said Mrs. Daly, "and I can't help it if they do go. You don't know all my troubles, Mrs. Harrover. You'd be discouraged, too, if you had a husband who spent most of his time at the tavern, and let the farm-work take care of itself."

"Did you ever try to reform Luke?" asked Mrs. Harrover. "I know he has a good, kind heart, and is very fond of his children. It seems to me you ought not to give him up already."

"Already!" exclaimed Mrs. Daly. "I've done all a mortal woman could to stop him. I've talked and scolded until I was hoarse, and cried until my eyes were red, over and over again. But it a'n't no manner of use. Luke's bound to bring up in the gutter some day, and I might as well get used to thinkin' of it."

"Suppose you try my plan for a while," said Mrs. Harrover. "You know trying never did any harm, and it may do some good. Come, will you follow my directions for a month, if no longer?"

"I'm willin' to do 'most anything you want me to. You're about the only friend I've got left, and it isn't much I can do for you anyhow. What's your plan?"

"Clean your house from attic to cellar first, Burn up all the old rubbish, whitewash your ceilings and whiten your walls. Then prepare one room where your husband can sit in the evening to read. I know he is fond of reading, for he often borrows a paper from Henry; so I will give you some old magazines and agricultural papers which will interest him. Give him good, clean meals, and be as pleasant to him as you used to be before he took to drink. I will help you as much as I can, and you will see that Luke will turn over a new leaf before long. Will you try the receipt?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Daly, a new light in her eyes, "to please you I will, and if it does cure him of drinking I'll bless you for ever an' ever. Oh, if I had somebody to 'casionally speak kind, cheerin' words to me, I don't believe I'd be so discouraged."

The cakes were done by this time, and Mrs. Harrover wrapped up the biggest for her neighbor, and taking the molasses from the tin-pail, refilled it with preserves. Mrs. Daly's voice choked as she tried to express her thanks and she went away, her heart lighter and more hopeful than it had been for many weary months.

Mrs. Harrover stood by the kitchen-door, and watched her neighbor until she was lost to sight among the trees of the small wood lot that she was obliged to cross to reach home.

"Once get Luke interested in his farm and home, and he will forget all about the tavern and be the man he was when poor Sarah married him," soliloquized the little woman. "I think I'll see what I can do for both of them. I'll be a sort of home missionary, and lay out my work."

Mrs. Harrover and Mrs. Daly had been girls together at the same school, and though there was little congeniality between them—for they belonged to different grades of society—old associations bound them together with ties of friendship, particularly after Mr. Harrover bought the farm adjoining that of Luke Daly. It was seldom that Milly Harrover called on Sarah Daly, for she had her hands full with the work of her house and dairy, and no time to gossip. And then, she never went to Sarah's without being distressed and annoyed by the dirt and disorder which reigned there. Naturally neat and orderly herself she could not tolerate slovenliness in others.

Sarah Daly had never been so powerfully impressed with her own short-comings as she was on this afternoon when, weary with her long walk in the hot sun, she entered her own home. The house was in sad need of painting and repair on the outside, but the inside was far worse. The ceilings and walls were black with dust and smoke, the floors were greasy, the corners full of dust, the window-panes broken, and the furniture in a very demoralized condition. She sat down in the kitchen and looked about her, seeing things with eyes from which the scales had fallen. Dirt and disorder reigned supreme. The mantelpiece was littered up with old and odd bits of every description—onions, apples, broken crockery, ragged stockings, a greasy candlestick, a piece of bread, an old shoe, and various other articles of a like unornamental nature. The table, crowded with unwashed dishes, was minus a leg, and had been propped up by an old box; the stove was rusty and smeared with grease; dirty towels hung over the broken chairs, and the doors of the cupboard swung wide open, giving free admittance to the flies, which swarmed in the sugar-bowl and stuck fast in a plate of butter left from dinner, which no one had taken pains to carry to the dairy-house.

"I don't know where to begin," sighed poor Sarah, with a helpless look into a closet heaped with articles of every kind, from a ham-boiler to a china teacup. "I'll ask Tim to help me to-morrow. He's powerful handy, and will know just how to turn."

That evening, after Luke had gone as usual to the tavern four miles distant, Mrs. Daly called her children together and told them of her plan, and the resolutions she had formed to turn over a new leaf. They were all touched by the tears in their mother's eyes and promised to do their best to help her to bring back to the old paths of peace and pleasantness the husband and father. The boys, Horace and Tim, made plans about the field-work as they went to bed together, and agreed to redouble their energies and try to make their father's farm as productive as Mr. Harrover's. The two girls fell asleep only to dream of the many little ways in which they could "help mother." Thus the seed Mrs. Harrover had sowed had fallen on fertile ground and bade fair to take root and flourish.

Holding her youngest child, her little Mollie, close to her breast, Mrs. Daly lay awake hour after hour, praying for the first time in years, for strength to keep the good resolutions she had made, and planning how best to influence her husband to abstain from the vice that was working his ruin.

She fell asleep just as daylight broke in the east, and it seemed to her that she had scarcely dozed before she was roused by Tim's voice at her door, begging her in an agitated voice to dress and come down stairs at once.

She sprang up and stopping only to throw on a wrapper hurried out into the dark entry where Tim waited.

"What is it?" she gasped. "What has happened?"

"Father's team ran away last night," said Tim brokenly, "and Mr. Harrover's hired men have just come with—with—father."

"Not dead!" shrieked Mrs. Daly.

"No; but badly hurt. Mr. Harrover has gone for the doctor. Don't cry, mother, it'll all come right."

The poor woman waited to hear no more. She ran down stairs to where her husband lay on a sofa in a large room once used as a parlor, but now given over to dust and cobwebs. She did not weep, but the face she raised to greet the doctor on his entrance told how much she suffered.

Luke's left leg was broken; his head injured, and his whole body bruised. Lying insensible on the road several hours had not improved his condition, and the doctor pronounced his case a serious one.

Long months of nursing and weary watching followed, but Sarah Daly never once faltered in the path she had marked out for herself. Giving to Hannah the principal care of the invalid, she, with the assistance of Lucy and Tim, began the renovating Mrs. Harrover had suggested. From room to room she went, scouring, brushing and papering. Tim spent days in whitening the walls and ceilings, and all the useless trash and dirt, and accumulation of years of carelessness, was carried out to the ploughed field and burned. The panes of glass were put in the windows by Tim's skilful fingers and the dilapidated tables and chairs supplied with legs and backs. When at the end of ten days all was done, the result astonished the whole family, who had never before felt any pride in their home.

But it must not be supposed that Sarah Daly did not have a severe trial with her husband's appetite for liquor. With returning health and strength he demanded his morning dram, and shrieked with fury when denied it by his wife, who pointed out to him as gently as she knew how the ruin in store for him if he did not abandon his bad habits. Gradually he grew reasonable, and wept when she reminded him of the happy days when he had never visited the tavern and was respected by his neighbors.

"Sarah, I will do better; I promise you I will," he said more than once. "You'll see; I'll be a different man when I get well again."

He had not been told of the changes in the house, and when, three months after the accident, he was able to leave his room, he stared about the kitchen and into the door-yard, half believing he was dreaming. The dirt-begrimed walls which had disgusted him, the grease and dust over everything in the room he had known, had given place to white walls, cleanliness and order, while the yard was as neat as Mr. Harrover's had ever been, and the slop-tubs, old cans and horse-shoes of the past were no longer visible.

The children watched the surprised face of their father with beaming eyes, and when he sank down into a chair, overcome with the emotions he could not control, they crowded about him, and in joyous voices related the hand they had had in this great improvement.

"Sarah," he said, holding out his hand to his wife and drawing her toward him, "I'll give you the pledge you've asked me for so often. Heaven helping me, I'll never touch another glass of liquor."

He kept his word, for his will was a strong one when he chose to exercise it, and the tavern at Barset saw him no more. His farm was no longer neglected, and the sunshine of prosperity brightened his home again.

But it required constant missionary work on the part of little Mrs. Harrover to keep Sarah Daly up to the mark she had set in the first enthusiasm of her labors. We all know that a city cannot be built in a day, and it took all Sarah's strength of character to repair slowly the neglect of years. She grew tired of work, of the constant cleaning necessary to keep her house sweet and fresh, and would have faltered and given up many times had not the little home missionary been by to cheer her onward.

She was encouraged, too, by seeing that every step she took in the right direction was a solid gain in home happiness, and she persevered until order and cleanliness became second habit with her, and she was, in the pride and peace of a cheerful, happy and prosperous home, enabled to look back and shudder over what had been and to bless with all her heart the good little missionary whose earnest words had been the lever which, in time, had moved the mountain.—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

BRANDY AMONG THE HOTT[illegible]

The Rev. Samuel H. Ravenscroft, a Wesleyan Missionary in the Cape of Good Hope district, in writing to the Wesleyan Mission House, London, concerning the natives, says:

The Hottentots are by far the most numerous. Their language is low Dutch. This is a corruption of the pure Holland Dutch, and is vastly inferior to it. I have not yet acquired it, but am trying to master it. I have spoken with some of the Hottentots, but have found myself unable to hold a protracted conversation with them. Services in Dutch are held in the English church at Ookiep on Sunday mornings, and on one of the week days. I hear that very few attend them—a few women, and scarcely any men.

The state of these people is lamentable in the extreme. They live in wretched, low huts, which, in many cases, have only one apartment. This serves to shelter father, mother, children, dogs and other animals (insects, I ought to have said) too numerous to mention.

There is very little furniture in these miserable abodes. The inhabitants, for the most part, sleep on the ground. The habit of smoking is practised by old and young of both sexes. But their great curse is the drink. The brandy bottle is the favorite idol of our natives in this part of the colony. They love what is called here "Cape Smoke." That is the kind of article consumed by the Hottentots, and they drink it in large quantities. It is a common thing on a Saturday afternoon to see hundreds of them assembled round the canteen; some waiting for their turn, others, as is painfully obvious, have had their turn, but are still waiting, because they are in such a state of helplessness that they can't get away. Many of them are sent to the "trunk" for their folly. If one ventures to expostulate with them concerning the errors of their ways, they turn round on him and say, "Before the white man came we had no brandy, nor had we any 'trunk' (prison)." Can we wonder at their reply? Some of our Europeans, by what they sell (brandy, &c.) to the natives, and by the influence of their wicked lives, do them far more harm than can possibly be remedied by the missionaries who are on the spot.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

SAVING MOTHER.

The farmer sat in his easy chair
Between the fire and the lamplight's glare;
His face was ruddy and full and fair;
His three small boys in the chimney nook
Conned the lines of a picture book;
His wife, the pride of his home and heart,
Baked the biscuit and made the tart,
Laid the table and steeped the tea,
Deftly, swiftly, silently;
Tired and weary and weak and faint,
She bore her trials without complaint,
Like many another household saint—
Content, all selfish bliss above
In the patient ministry of love

At last, between the clouds of smoke
That wreathed his lips, the husband spoke:
"There's taxes to raise, and int'rest to pay—
And if there should come a rainy day,
'Twould be mighty handy, I'm bound to say,
T' have somethin' put by. For folks must die,
An' there's funeral bills, and gravestones to buy—
Enough to swamp a man, purty nigh;
Besides, there's Edward and Dick and Joe
To be provided for when we go.
So 'f I was you, I'll tell ye what I'd du:
I'd be savin' of wood as ever I could—
Extra fires don't do any good;
I'd be savin' of soap, an' savin' of ile,
And run up some candles once in a while;
I'd rather be sparin' of coffee and tea,
For sugar is high,
And all to buy,
And cider is good enough drink for me;
I'd be kind o' careful about my clo'es
And look out sharp how the money goes—
Gewgaws is useless, nater knows;
Extra trimmin'
'S the bane of women

"I'd sell off the best of my cheese and honey.
And eggs is as good, nigh about, as the money;
And as to the carpet you wanted new—
I guess we can make the old one du;
And as for the washer, an' sewin' machine,
Them smooth-tongued agents, so pesky mean,
You'd better get rid of 'em slick and clean.
What do they know about women's work?
Do they calkilate women was made to shirk?"

Dick and Edward and little Joe
Sat in the corner in a row.
They saw the patient mother go
On ceaseless errands to and fro;
They saw that her form was bent and thin,
Her temples gray, her cheeks sunk in,
They saw the quiver of lip and chin—
And then, with a wrath he could not smother,
Outspoke the youngest, frailest brother:

"You talk of savin' wood and ile,
An' tea an' sugar all the while,
But you never talk of savin' mother!"

—*N. Y. Observer.*

POLLY, THE BLIND MARE.

When returning home in a cab, one day, I was much pleased with the kind and gentle manner in which the cabman treated his little mare. No whip was called into use; but now and then he cheered her on with a chirrup, a little shake of the reins, or a "come up, Polly," which she responded to by a brisk toss of the head and more rapid trot. There seemed to be a positive friendship, as well as a perfect understanding, between the mare and her master; and, as I took out my purse to pay the man, I could not help expressing my pleasure at seeing the humane manner in which he treated her.

"No need of a whip for Polly, ma'am," said he, his face quite lighting up as he patted her sleek sides. "She's as gentle and loving as a little dog, and I should be sorry for her to have a smart of my causing. Have you noticed, ma'am, that Polly is stone blind?"

I certainly had not; and when I thought of the manner in which the mare had treaded her way, in and out, amongst all the horses and vehicles in the busiest part of Manchester, I was astonished to find that Polly had never been able to see.

"She's the best little thing that ever was," said the cabman, "and so sure footed she never slips. Many of my lady customers would rather have Polly in the shafts than any horse going, and ask for her to take them to the city. She's quite a pet, too, and often gets a piece of bread from the ladies. If we go to a house where she has once had it, she knows as well as I do, and she turns her head to the door and waits and listens for somebody to bring her a bit again. Polly's very fond of bread."

I took the hint, and brought out some bread, which the pretty creature took from my hand as gentle as a child—I mean a polite child—would do. While she was munching it she kept turning her sightless eyes toward her master, and, guided by his voice, moved near enough to let her now and then place her head over his shoulder with a caressing touch, to which he always responded with a "Poor old Polly," or a pat.

I observed this scene with great pleasure, and my sympathy encouraged the man to tell me still more about Polly.

"She is just petted like a dog by the children," he said; "and when we are at dinner in the kitchen, which opens right into the yard, she will come and pop her head in and then step toward the table to be fed from their hands.

"I've a little thing, only a twelvemonth old, and she will always give Polly some broth or milk out of her spoon, and it looks so funny to see Polly taking it. Then baby gives her such small pieces of bread out of her little hand, that you would wonder she could take them without hurting the child; but she never does. She would rather drop the nicest bit than hurt the baby. We are never afraid, and the mare goes about the place like a dog; we never fasten her.

"Polly will never forget this place, ma'am. You have talked to her and given her bread, and she will know your voice as well as possible wherever she may hear it."

The mare had by this time finished her lunch, and the master, with a "Good morning, ma'am, and thank you for Polly," started on his way. Not on the box, though. He only said "Come on, old girl," and the pretty mare, guided by his voice alone, walked after her master, never deviating from the path or stepping on the edge of the lawn, until they passed the entrance gates and were lost to sight.

I always remember Polly and her kind master with peculiar pleasure, and wish that every one who has to do with horses displayed as much humanity toward them as did the kind-hearted cabman toward his little mare.—*Girl's Own Magazine.*

FACTS FOR HOME USE.

If your coal fire is low throw on a tablespoonful of salt and it will help it very much.—A little ginger put into sausage meat improves the flavor.—In icing cakes, dip the knife in cold water.—In boiling meat for soup, use cold water to extract the juices. If the meat is wanted for itself alone, plunge it into boiling water at once.—You can get oil off any carpet or woollen stuff by applying buckwheat plentifully. Never put water to such a grease spot, or liquid of any kind.—Broil steak without salting. Salt draws the juices in cooking; it is desirable to keep these, if possible. Cook over a hot fire, turning frequently, searing both sides. Place on a platter; salt and pepper to taste.—Beef having a tendency to be tough can be made very palatable by stewing gently for two hours with salt and pepper, taking out about a pint of the liquor when half done, and letting the rest boil into the meat. Brown the meat in the pot. After taking up, make a gravy of the pint of liquor saved.—A small piece of charcoal in the pot with boiling cabbage removes the smell. Clean oilcloths with milk and water; a brush and soap will ruin them.—Tumblers that have milk in them should never be put in hot water.—A spoonful of stewed tomatoes in the gravy of either roasted or fried meats is an improvement.—The skin of a boiled egg is the most efficacious remedy that can be applied to a boil. Peel it carefully, wet and apply to the part affected. It will draw out the matter and relieve the soreness in a few hours.—*Springfield Republican.*

We Have a Word of advice to give to some of the farmer boys who may get hold of this paper. You are aware that the long evenings are now upon us, which implies that the days are short and that there is more time for intellectual improvement. Don't neglect it. Perhaps there are many moments in the day or evening which you have been in the habit of spending uselessly. Stop short, right here. You will be sorry if you don't; or rather you will never know how much you lose. Have a good book or paper always by you to take up at odd times. The main point is to acquire taste for good reading. Robert Burns, one of the greatest of Scotland's poets, was a farmer. One day while ploughing, he accidentally destroyed a mouse's nest and this furnished an occasion for one of his most touching poems. He was, even while he was busy at his daily labor, always on the alert to find the beautiful or curious things in nature, and if you read his shorter poems you will find them filled with rural descriptions. This is not to say that you should try to be poets, which perhaps you could not become; but to make of yourselves intelligent and useful men, which certainly is in your power—*Standard.*

Apple Bread, if properly prepared, will be found a very desirable change or addition to table comforts. Scald with boiling milk one quart of Indian meal—the yellow granulated meal is much the best. When cool, add a tea-spoonful of salt, and stir to it one pint of ripe sweet apples chopped very fine, one well-beaten egg, and half a tablespoonful of butter. The butter may be beaten into the meal while it is still warm enough to mix thoroughly. Add a scant tea-spoonful of dissolved soda. Mix into a stiff dough, adding as much sweet milk as is needed for that purpose, and bake or steam. If steamed let it cook three hours. One hour's baking will cook it, but it will not be so nice. Sour apples will answer but are not so good, and will need one cup of sugar chopped in with them.

Good Beef Tea.—Cut a pound of rump steak in quarter-inch cubes on a board with a sharp knife. Sprinkle salt on the bits of beef, about as much as would season it if it were broiled. Put it in a glass preserve jar, and let it stand fifteen minutes. Add four great spoonfuls of cold water, cover the jar air tight and let it stand one hour. Then set the jar into a kettle of cold water, on the stove. Let it come very slowly to a boil. Then set it on the back part of the stove where it will keep at a boiling heat, but without boiling until wanted. After straining it for use, add more salt if necessary and a sprinkle of red pepper if the case allows it. This concentrates the nourishment and makes it more palatable.

A Very Pretty scrap-basket for any room is made by two of the small peach-baskets, so much used of late years. You turn one upside down, and set the other on it. Line the upper one with silesia or silk, and cover the outside with a piece of pretty chintz or a buff linen, with embroidery at the edge. This is fulled around the top and then drawn in at the middle, with a ribbon tied around it. It makes a graceful basket, and is very useful.

Calamities Seen in Two Lights.—"I never knew a man," says an old writer, "who could not bear another's misfortunes perfectly like a Christian." There are too many like the old lady who thought every calamity that happened to herself a trial, but every one that happened to her friends a judgment.

To Restore Rusty Black Lace.—Half cup rain water, one teaspoonful borax, one teaspoonful alcohol; squeeze the lace through this four times; then rinse in a cup of hot water in which a black kid glove has been boiled. Pull out the edges of lace till almost dry, then press for two days between the leaves of a heavy book.

PUZZLES.

PERSONAGES.

Recall the story if you can,
About a lonely shipwrecked man;
A gentle savage he reclaimed,
Master and man, who'll name their names?

A man who climbed the mountain steep,
With fairies tippling, fell asleep,
And dozed away life's hopes and fears,
About the space of twenty years.

That king and his fair queen who sent
A man to seek a continent—
Their names and his now tell who can,
And from what port he sailed—this man.

Who laid his cloak before a queen,
To keep her dainty slippers clean?
A courtier and a man of pride,
Tell now his name and how he died.

In Athens, not the modern "Hub,"
A surly man dwelt in a tub;
With lantern lit, he sought by day
One honest soul: his name please say.

TRANSPOSITIONS.

1. The same four letters name a Bible mountain.
2. A French poetess of the 16th century.
3. A small city saved from destruction through the intercession of a righteous man; its name was then changed to——.
4. An island in the Mediterranean Sea.
5. A shepherd who in the early days of the world made an offering to the Lord of the firstlings of his flock.
6. A commander of artillery in the army of Napoleon I.
7. Calamity.
8. Having competency.
9. The part of a tree which lies immediately under the bark.

ACCIDENTAL HIDINGS.—CHRISTIAN NAMES.

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.
—[*Keats.*

And ne'er did Grecian chisel trace
A Nymph, a Naiad, or a Grace
Of finer form or love'lier face.—[*Scott.*

A guardian angel o'er his life presiding,
Doubling his pleasures, and his cares dividing.—[*Rogers.*

That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love.—[*Wordsworth.*

'Tis not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.—[*Montgomery.*

PHONETIC CHARADE.

No. 1.

An animal and a verb.—Whole, a disease.

No. 2.

Sleep, friend!—An article used at table.

No. 3.

Only a cheat.—An article used by tobacco consumers.

No. 4.

Abbess; in Indiana.—A country.

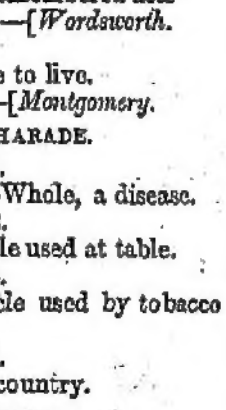
METAMORPHOSES.

The problem is to change one given word to another given word, by altering one letter at a time, each alteration making a new word, the number of letters being always the same, and the letters remaining always in the same order. Sometimes the metamorphosis may be made in as many moves as there are letters in each given word, but sometimes more moves are required. Here is an example showing how to solve puzzles of this kind: Change lamp to fire, in four moves. First move, lame; second move, fame; third move, fare; last move, fire.

Solve the following eleven puzzles in a similar manner: 1. Change dusk to seat, in six moves. 2. Change house to hovel, in fifteen moves. 3. Change warm to cold, in four moves. 4. Change curd to whey, in eight moves. 5. Change dog to hen, in three moves. 6. Change cloth to paper, in seven moves. 7. Change pond to lake, in four moves. 8. Change coal to wood, in three moves. 9. Change awake to sleep, in eight moves. 10. Change boy to man, in four moves. 11. Change seas to land, in six moves.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES OF NOVEMBER 15.

Pasha Puzzle.—



This is the solution of the Pasha Puzzle given in the last Messenger. The puzzle was to make Hobart Pasha by combining a fort, two sabres, two British gun-boats, two bayonets, a bomb-shell, and three birds; and here you have an accurate (?) likeness of the fire-eating Turk.

Word Dissecting.—
1. Announce: ann—ounce.
2. Knowledge: know—ledge.
3. Increase: in—crease.
4. Assail: ass—ail.
5. Stratagem: strata—gem.
6. Satire: sat—ire.
7. Buoyant: buoy—ant.
8. Season: sea—son.
9. Artless: art—less.
10. Manage: man—age.
11. Tiresome: tire—some.
12. Support: sup—port.

Selected Riddles.—1, Noise. 2, It weighs anchor. 3, Each has its own bark. 4, Level.

Beheadings.—P-ounce, c-reed, p-our, p-ox, h-and, g-rain, k-edge, c-rust, c-all, b-rake, s-cent, f-lea, w-hole, n-one, m-oat.

Enigma.—Moss-rose.

CARED FOR.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "JACK THE CONQUEROR," "DICK AND HIS DONKEY," &c.

(Children's Friend.)

CHAPTER IV.—*(Continued.)*

LIFE IN A GIPSY CAMP.

Susie looked anxiously into Phil's face to see how he received the really kind proposal. She wanted to stay very much; for she liked being with these kind-hearted people, and thought it much pleasanter to sleep in a snug tent, and have a hot supper every evening, than to journey all day without knowing where they should spend the night or where next to buy their food, such as it was, when they got it.

Phil's inclinations, too, were strongly in favor of staying with them till the autumn, at all events. The long rambles with Bela were just what he enjoyed, and he was really getting to love the gentle, intelligent gipsy lad, who was so kind to every living creature, and who knew so much about them. "Don't you think, Phil," said little Susie, "that this must be the home mother said God would be sure to find for us if we trusted Him?"

But Phil shook his head. He had taken Susie into the wood, where every morning he read aloud a Psalm out of their mother's little Bible, for she begged him to do so. Then, too, they always repeated together the Lord's Prayer, and talked about their parents.

"No, Susie; I don't think God means us to stay on with the gipsies, though we are very happy, and it is nice being with them. But, Susie, they never say their prayers and I heard them call people who go to church on Sundays 'Methodists'—that means, I know, that they laugh at them for going. I am *sure* mother would not have liked us to live with them, kind as they are. She so often told me to try and make companions only of people who feared God; and they do not fear Him here, or ever think of Him at all; and sometimes I have heard Syred and Jacob use bad words and swear. So, Susie, we will go on by ourselves, and keep on doing as mother bade us, and trust God."

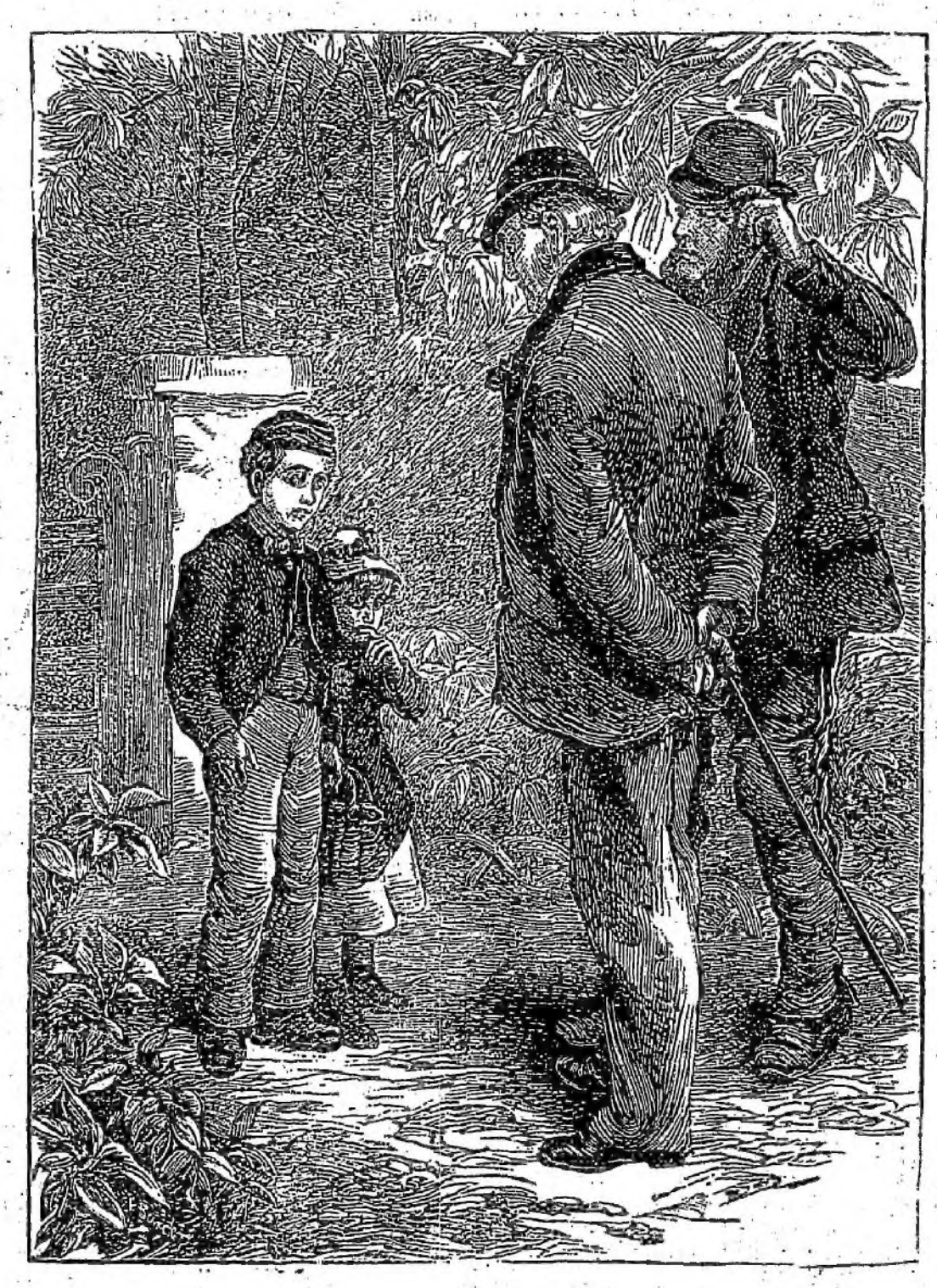
Poor little Susie agreed that her brother was right, but her lip quivered and she felt very sorry.

Phil thanked Zillah and Syred gratefully for their kind proposal, but said he thought they ought to go straight forward on their road to London. Then he begged them to let him pay for the time they had been with them, saying he had money; and he showed them the contents of his purse. But they positively refused to take a farthing.

"Take care of it, you'll want it," said Zillah. "Perhaps some day we may see you again, though it's not very likely. Bela will miss you; I never saw the lad take to any one as he has done to you."

Bela and Phil took a last long ramble together in the wood that afternoon.

"I am sorry you are going," said Bela. "No one else cares about the things I do except Mr. Oldham, and he can't go into the woods with me as you have done."



"THEY ARE TWO YOUNG TRAMPS, SIR HENRY."

"But," said Phil, "he can tell you all about the creatures in the woods out of his books. You like that, don't you?"

"Yes, that I do, but father says he can't let me go to school any more, for that I must begin in earnest to earn money. I am to work all day at making baskets in the winter, and learn how to mend and solder pots and pans. He says that so much schooling will only spoil me for the trade. I should never have learned to read and write but for mother. She'd like me to be a scholar, but father says I shan't waste any more time at school." Poor Bela checked down his tears as he spoke. The boy was craving after knowledge, and it was a real grief to him to feel that he had no chance of ever getting it.

Phil could give him little comfort. He had the same longings himself, with apparently as little prospect of getting them gratified. When the young brother and sister bade good-bye to their gipsy friends, they found that their provision basket had been well stored by Zillah. Granny gave Susie a pair of steel knitting pins and a ball of wool, that she might not forget how to knit.

Bela asked Phil to write and tell them if they found their cousin, and wished him to direct his letter to Mr Oldham's house in Bristol, because then he should be sure to get it some time or other. Phil was only too glad to promise to do so. It was a comfort to the boy to think that there was any one in this unknown England who felt some interest in them. And so, amidst kind good-byes, and not without some tears on Susie's part, the children went down the green lane that led to the high-road and departed out of sight.

CHAPTER V.

THE PROMISED HOME.

Sometimes they had to resort to their old refuge in an empty shed, or even under a haystack, which was not half so uncomfortable as it sounds. On a warm night, rolled up in her cloak, and nestled close to the haystack and her brother, Susie slept as soundly as on a bed of down. But more often a kind-hearted cottager would cheerfully bid them welcome to a night's lodging, and to such fare as he or she had to offer. Their simple tale went direct to the heart. Every one who questioned them felt pity for their peculiar situation. Phil's money held out well, for the simple reason that it was constantly refused when offered. At a farm where the mistress insisted on their staying with her a week, she had their clothes washed and mended, fed them with plenty of milk and good nourishing food, and was more than half inclined to keep them altogether; for she had grown very fond of them, and did not like the idea of their long journey. She saw, too, how uncertain it was whether Miss Susan Harmer, their cousin, would still be living where their mother had left her at Hampstead. Had she been a more educated woman she would probably have written to make enquiries, but the writing of a letter was to her a task of no little difficulty; moreover, being a widow, she had the care of the farm on her shoulders, and this engrossed her thoughts too much for her to give much time to anything else. "God will take care of the pretty dears," she said to her maids, "and he will make friends for them as they go along."

She filled their basket and sent them some miles on their way in her spring cart. They got many a lift of one kind or another. Sometimes a carrier took them up. On one occasion they travelled all night in this way, sleeping soundly on some nice clean straw at the bottom of the cart, and waking up in the morning to find themselves being lifted out by a kind-hearted landlady. She had come to receive a box, and when the driver told her of the live luggage he had taken up the evening before, she made them go in and have a good breakfast before they started again.

But kind as everybody was, it was weary work in the long run for the young pair. There were days when the weather was bad, and when they could get no shelter till they were wet through. Often Susie would say, "Oh Phil! when will 'the home' come?"

And Phil would reply, "It *will* come, I am sure, because mother said so, but I don't know when."

It was drawing toward the end of June. The season was a dry one on the whole, otherwise they might have suffered considerably. Phil was beginning to comprehend, in a way he had not done at first, how great an undertaking it was to walk with a child of Susie's age such a great distance. His heart, too, sometimes misgave him about finding a refuge in London after all. He saw how many of those he had spoken to doubted their doing so, as some years had elapsed since their relation had held communication with their mother.

One day they had walked farther than usual and Susie was very tired. Phil had been told they would come to a village called Maderley before long, but they went on and on, and there were no signs of habitation. Susie entreated Phil to let her rest for the night, and he looked out anxiously for some shed, which in that agricultural part of the country seldon failed them when wanted. The only place he could see, however, was a small building standing by itself on the outskirts of a park. It was quite round, with one chimney in the middle of the thatched roof. It was not exactly like any house or building they had ever seen. No smoke was coming out of the chimney, and the windows or either side of the door were shut, so that it seemed doubtful whether any one inhabited it. Phil, being anxious to get Susie into shelter for the night, resolved to go and knock at the door in any case. His heart a little misgave him about going on what was evidently private property, for he had by this time learned that in England no one is allowed to trespass on gentlemen's grounds. The only way, apparently, of getting to the little round house was by going through a gate leading into a plantation: a second gate opened into the park. Both were open, so they passed through, carefully closing them again behind them. They found themselves now inside the park, and not far from the house in question, which looked very tempting to weary feet. Never since they left Plymouth had they so longed to find a friendly shelter.

They tapped at the door, but no one replied from within, and the sound was hollow as if all was empty. So after knocking several times, Phil ventured to pull the latch. The door was open and they entered. It was a sort of root-house, lined with moss. A seat ran all round it, and there were some chairs and a table in the middle. The floor was composed of squares of wood arranged in a pattern, and swept very clean. Inside this room was another and smaller one, containing some more chairs, and a cupboard filled with cups and saucers and plates. There was a little stove here also. It had evidently been lately used, for there were some ashes, and a kettle stood on the hearth. The children thought there could be no harm in their taking up their abode in these comfortable quarters for the night. They had something to eat in their basket, for they had learnt always to provide beforehand for their next meal. Then they knelt down and said their prayers, adding their usual petition that God their Father would soon find them a home. After this, they lay down on the long bench in the front room, Phil carefully covering up Susie with his great-coat, as he was in the habit of doing when he had nothing else to put over her. Their wandering life had taught them to sleep sound under almost any circumstances, and this night was no exception to the rule.

Phil did not often dream, but he awoke struggling, as he thought, with some one who was trying to seize him, and found that his shoulder was, in reality, being roughly handled by a tall, strong man in a short coat and long gaiters.

"Halloo, youngster," he was saying, "and what business have you here? Who gave you leave to come and spend the night in this place? Get up and be off with you, unless you want to be put in the lock-up house, both of you."

Phil started to his feet, and began to explain that he and his sister had found the door of the little house open, and thought they might stay there all night, as they were travelling on foot, and did not know where to go for a night's lodging.

"That's the kind of tale all you young tramps tell," said the man; "I'll be bound you've got a father and mother somewhere about, who are laying snares for rabbits or hares."

"We will go directly," said Phil, "but we are quite alone, and we did not come to get any rabbits, and we have no father or mother."

Susie had been awakened by the voices, and was sitting up with a flushed cheek, looking terrified at the tall keeper; for such he was to Sir Henry Harding, Bart., on whose grounds the children had taken up their temporary abode. Roger Dane was a man of rough manner and quick temper, though not cruel at heart.

He softened at sight of Susie's little face, and in more gentle tone told them that the house ought not to have been left unlocked by the under-keeper, whose business it was to go the rounds every night. He could not, however, divest his mind of the idea that they had their people lurking about somewhere, and, as he walked them away, he followed at a little distance, intending to see them off the premises.

But they had not gone many yards when another person crossed their path. This was an elderly gentleman of a very dignified appearance, dressed in a suit of gray cloth, his hair was gray, and he held a stick in his hand with a gold knob at the top. But the chief thing to notice in him was the kind and benevolent expression of his countenance. There was nothing in it to frighten the young ones when he pulled up just in front of them and asked where they came from.

Before they could reply, the keeper strode up, and, touching his hat, said—"They are two young tramps, Sir Henry, whom I found sleeping in the moss-house; I suspect their parents are not far off."

Phil looked fearlessly into the kind face that was gazing down on his, for something told him the gentleman would not be angry with them. "Please, sir, he doesn't believe me, but indeed I am speaking the truth. Susie and I were looking about for a place to sleep in last evening, and we saw that little house, and as the door was open we thought we might go in and stay all night."

"And where are your parents?" asked Sir Henry, for it was he who was speaking.

"We have no parents, sir," said Phil; "they are both dead."

"And do you mean that you two children have no one to look after you? Where are you going?"

Phil told his tale in so straightforward and simple a manner that no doubt of its truth crossed Sir Henry's mind. His first thought was that they must have some breakfast, and that after that he would hear more about them. He desired Roger Dane to take them to the Hall and give them in charge to the housekeeper, who was to see that they had a good breakfast. The keeper carried them off, still only half-convinced in his own mind that the rabbits had not something to do with their appearance there. But he knew that Sir Henry must be obeyed, and in his secret heart he was not sorry that two such nice-looking children should get a meal. He had little ones of his own, and with all his suspicion and roughness there was a soft spot in the father's heart.

Phil and Susie had never seen such a grand mansion as that they were approaching when the keeper led them through an avenue of trees leading directly toward it. A number of deer were grazing and lying on the grass. They stared at the children with their large liquid eyes as if in wonder at what could have brought them there at that early hour, for it was not yet eight o'clock. There was a long terrace in front of the house, with statues placed on it at regular distances. A wide flight of steps descended from the terrace into a very beautiful flower-garden filled with beds cut in curious and fanciful shapes. In these were many flowers of the richest hues. Another wide flight of stone steps led up to a great door at the end of the house, where was the entrance; but the keeper turned aside from this part, and led them through a little iron gate to the back premises. They crossed a great paved court surrounded with buildings, and then came to a door, at which he knocked. It was opened by a boy in livery.

"Tell Mrs. Milworth I shall be glad to speak to her," said the keeper. "I have a message for her."

The boy cast a curious look at the two children, and disappeared down a long passage. In a few minutes a stout, pleasant-looking person appeared. She wore a black silk gown, and had a bunch of keys hanging to her girdle.

"Good morning, Mrs. Milworth," said the keeper. "I have brought you a brace of birds this morning of quite a new sort, and Sir Henry wishes them to be fed before he lets them fly again."

"Why, where did Sir Henry find them?"

"I captured them myself," said the man. "They were roosting in the moss-house, and I was clearing the place of them when Sir Henry appeared, and ordered me to bring them to you and tell you to give them breakfast. So now I'll wish you good morning, and go home." He walked off, making the paving-stones of the courtyard ring with the heavy tramp of his iron-bound boots.

Mrs. Milworth spoke kindly to the young couple, and led them down first one long passage, then another, till she came to a door opening into a comfortable room. It was her own particular apartment, and she brought them there in preference to taking them into the kitchen amongst a number of servants, for she saw they were feeling shy. She liked their manner and appearance, and was especially pleased with the way in which Phil seemed to take care of his little sister, and to look on himself as her protector. She soon seated them to breakfast, and they grew talkative under its kindly influence, and told Mrs. Milworth their history, and their adventures since they arrived at Plymouth.

Mrs. Milworth thought it very uncertain whether they would find their cousin, and it distressed her to think that they might after all have to go into the Union they had risked so much to escape.

(To be continued.)

A LITTLE GIRL of six years old was desirous of putting her pennies into the missionary-box. When saying her evening prayers at her papa's knee she hesitated a moment, and then added, "Lord, bless my two pennies, for Jesus' sake. Amen."

The Family Circle.

LITTLE PROPHETS.

BY A. A. E. TAYLOR, D.D.

The lilac buds now burst their bands;
  Poor captives, bound in wintry chains,
They scent the footsteps of the sun
  And catch the songs of joyous rains.

Kindling in saffron, purple, white,
  The crocus lifts its timorous flame.
Come, chemist, with thy spectrum test,
  Tell whence these royal splendors came.

The green swords of the hyacinth
  Stand guard around their pillared king;
Rich waxen clusters form his crown,
  Whose royal blood sweet incense bring.

The honey-bees, with trembling wings,
  Flew far to taste my flowers to-day;
Then sank within the velvet bloom,
  Too weak to bear their wealth away.

The frost and snow have quit the field,
  And fled to frigid Arctic halls;
While heaven's warm light on sleeping life,
  With mild, persuading vigor falls.

I vowed I'd tangle not my pen
  In tatters of this threadbare theme;
But Spring's soft fevers flush my veins,
  And while I muse they tell my dream.
—*N. Y. Independent.*

"POOR UNCLE SI."—A TRUE STORY.

BY HELEN HARCOURT.

I shall never forget that bright, sunny afternoon, when my father stood looking down at us, my two brothers and myself.

We had been planning, with great glee, how we should dress up, some dark night, and, in the character of ghosts, frighten a certain timid schoolfellow of ours.

"It will be jolly fun, boys, I can tell you!" I exclaimed, with a shout of laughter at the idea.

"Jolly fun to you, Harry, but what will it be to him?" asked a deep, reproachful voice from the doorway, and glancing up, there stood our father with a pained look on his face.

It was a new idea! It would be fun to us, but what would it be to him, the poor, unoffending boy we were planning to frighten so cruelly?

We had never thought of that side of the question at all; boys, ay, and men too, are only too apt to look at one side only, and that side the one that pleases themselves the most.

Our father stood a moment in thought, and then came into the room and sat down.

"My sons," he said, "I see the time has come for me to tell you a story of the long ago, when I was a boy, so full of life and fun that, like you, I did not stop to think whether my fun might not be just the opposite to some one else."

He paused awhile, and a sad, pained shadow crept over his face, a look I had often seen there, and had learned to connect with a certain man who dwelt in a little cottage near by.

He was a large, strong man, about our father's age, but alas! the light of his life, his reason, had gone out for ever; he was a lunatic, gentle and harmless, and for the most part cheerful and playful, but there were times when he would fall prone on the floor, quivering with terror, and shrieking out wild appeals to be saved from the ghosts that were about to seize him.

My father often visited this poor fellow, "poor Uncle Si," we boys called him, and on a few occasions had taken me, his eldest boy, with him; he never went with empty hands, but always carried some little gift, a picture-book, candy, cake or a toy; and even, at such times, I noted that weary, sad expression creep over my father's usually cheerful face, and remain there like a cloud, long after our return home. I knew, too, that it was he who, with my Uncle John's assistance, paid the rent of the lunatic's cottage, clothed him, and provided the old woman who lived with and took care of him.

And sorely had all this puzzled me, for I knew that "Uncle Si" was in no wise related to my father or mother, and that the money expended in his support could ill be spared for that purpose.

Often had my father promised to tell the story "when the right time should come;" and it had come now, it seemed, for his first words were of "Uncle Si."

"My boys," he said, "I am going now to tell you the story of Uncle Si, and it is the saddest story of all my life. When you have heard it, you will know why I think it my duty to tell it to you just now.

"I would give ten years of my life if I had no such story to tell. But it is my cross, and one of my own making, so I must bear it patiently as my punishment. When I was a boy going to school, there was among my schoolmates a bright little fellow, a good scholar but a very nervous, timid boy. His mother was a poor woman, who worked hard to support herself and him, and it was her greatest ambition to see him win his way up in the world.

"We all liked Silas, he was so gentle; but at the same time we took advantage of his good temper and his timid nature, and were always playing jokes on him.

"His mother was an Irish woman, and was full of queer superstitions. There seemed nothing too marvellous for her to credit, and Silas had inherited this superstitious tendency in a great degree.

"We boys soon found out his weakness, and nothing pleased us more than, after the afternoon session was over, to sit on the school-house steps and vie with each other in inventing the most outrageous and startling stories of ghosts, robbers and murderers. Si would listen with his blue eyes almost starting from their sockets, and his cheeks turning white and red, finally becoming excited to such a pitch that he would jump at every sudden noise, the slamming of a door, or the stamp of a foot on the pavement.

"One afternoon we had been indulging in our favorite amusement until the sun had almost gone down and darkness began to steal across the fields and woods around us.

"'Oh, what shall I do!' exclaimed Silas, looking fearfully around, 'I must go over to Farmer Brown's before I go home, and it will be dark before I can get back.'

"'To Farmer Brown's!' said I, winking at the other boys; 'then you'll have to cross the old bridge over Long Pond, Si, and they say that the ghost of a woman who drowned herself there haunts it after nightfall; that's only on the anniversary of her death, though, so—but I say, boys, what day of the month is this?"

"'The tenth,' was the answer.

"I drew in my lips in a long whistle, and looked hard at Silas.

"'Then I'm glad I don't have to go that way to-night,' I muttered in a low tone, but not so low but that he heard me, as I meant he should.

"'Why, why?' he stammered, turning white as a sheet; 'is it—'

"'Yes, it is, since you must know. But do not be afraid, old fellow, I don't believe the story, anyhow. Who ever heard of a ghost with fiery ribs and fiery spots all over its face? Pshaw, it's all humbug.'

"But poor Silas was thoroughly alarmed; indeed, I intended he should be, and thought his terror fine sport, or, rather, the beginning of some fine sport, for I had made up a plan, of which this was only the prelude.

"While Silas hesitated, divided between the fear of meeting the ghost and the certainty of getting a whipping if he did not perform his errand, I called my brother John aside, and in a hurried whisper told him of my plan, which we decided to keep to ourselves.

"As a result John proposed to accompany Silas on his errand, an offer the poor fellow gratefully accepted, and so they set off together and the rest of our party started for home.

"I made some excuse to turn off before I reached my own home, and ran with all speed to the drug-store, where I bought a stick of phosphorus; then I darted home and succeeded in getting possession of a small sheet and in slipping off again unnoticed.

"Very soon I found myself at the bridge, and there, hidden behind a bush, I proceeded to trace over my dark jacket the outline of skeleton ribs, and very startling they looked—the white, glowing lines shining out clear and distinct through the darkness, for by this time it was entirely dark. Then I put some of the phosphorus on my hands and face and wrapped the sheet around my waist, leaving it to trail behind me.

"Thus prepared, I posted myself a few yards beyond the bridge, on the side the boys would reach first on their return path.

"Directly I heard Silas' voice,

"'Oh John, I'm afraid, I'm afraid.'

"'Nonsense,' answered my brother. 'The idea of a ghost. I only wish there was such a thing. I'd like to see one.'

"'Oh, don't, don't say that. Oh, o-h!'

"Such a cry of intense, utter horror I hope never to hear again, and as Silas uttered it he fell all in a heap on the ground. John, according to our agreement, shrieked also and started to run as if terribly frightened. An instant Silas lay there, and my heart gave a great leap. Was he dead? Had I killed him? But no, my boys, I had done nothing so merciful as that.

"Silas sprang to his feet again, and uttering shriek after shriek, rushed headlong down the road toward the bridge. By this time, seeing how terribly in earnest he was, I began to think that my fun had gone quite far enough, so I followed at full speed, calling out to him that it was all a joke and no ghost at all.

"But he never heeded a word I uttered; on and on he ran, shrieking all the way until he reached the bridge, and there to my horror he sprang with one leap over the wall down into the soft, slimy mud and water at the margin of the pond.

"John had turned back, and, tearing loose the sheet from around my waist, I rushed with him down the steep bank to the spot where Silas was. There was more mud than water just there, as we well knew, and the force of his descent had sent him down into the deep, yielding slime until only his head and shoulders were above the surface, and to our further alarm we saw that he was slowly sinking down, down, down!

"Something must be done, and that speedily, or he would be buried alive before our eyes. Some heavy planks were lying on the shore, and seizing these we dragged them out in the mud until, we had formed a line reaching to the spot where poor Silas was still shrieking, 'The ghost! the ghost! the ghost!'

"How we two boys contrived to drag him out of that oozing slime I cannot to this day understand. But we did it somehow, and between us we got him back home, though he broke from us several times with the old cry of 'The ghost!'

"He was very ill for weeks after that, and when his body got well the doctors said his mind would never come back again, and from that time to this he has been just as you see him now.

"As long as his unhappy mother lived your Uncle John and I helped her to take care of him, and ever since her death, long years ago, we have entirely supported the miserable victim of our cruel 'fun,' though it was more my sin than your uncle's, for I was the ringleader.

"My sons, that piece of 'jolly fun' has saddened my whole life and clouded its brightest moments."

My father ended his story, and sat looking down at our awe-struck faces as we murmured in sorrowful tones:

"Poor Uncle Silas!"

"Well, my sons," he said after awhile, "I am waiting to hear what that plan is that it will be such fun to play off on Sam Harrow."

We hung our heads in silence, and he smiled gently.

"Ah, I see you know why I have told you my sad story to-day. You have read its lesson. And now, boys, I can trust you, I know; but lest you might forget, I want each one of you to lay his hand on this Holy Book, and, remembering that our Father in heaven is listening to you, promise never to indulge in any sport that may injure or distress your fellow-creatures."

And then, standing at our dear father's knee, we each gave a solemn pledge that we have never broken, and our lives have been the better and the happier for it.

My boy reader, and you also, my girl reader, I plead with you to go and do likewise, for so shall you obey the Saviour's command to "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you."—*Illustrated Christian Weekly.*

All common things, each day's events,
  That with the hour begin and end,
Our pleasures and our discontents,
  Are rounds by which we may ascend.
—*H. W. Longfellow.*

WHO BUILT THE CHURCH?

BY ALEXANDER MACLEOD, D.D.

It is not good to be without food or help. But also it is a danger for us to have too great abundance either of food or help. And that is the meaning of the prayer in the Book of Proverbs: "Give me neither poverty nor riches . . . lest I be full and deny Thee . . . or lest I be poor and steal."

In a delightful book of old-world ballads by Mr. Baring Gould, I have found two stories which will help us both to understand these dangers and how to escape from them. I cannot give them just as they are given in the book. But I shall tell them briefly in homely prose.

About thirteen hundred years ago there was living in the city of Constantine a great emperor called Justinian. When he cast his eyes over the city in which the palace was, he saw that there was no church, or no worthy church, for God. And he said to himself, "I will supply this want. I will build a church with which God shall be pleased. And I alone shall do it. And the glory of doing it shall be altogether mine." And he further said, "God will be pleased. And when I die and my soul arrives at the gate of heaven, the angels of God will come out and blow their trumpets and say: 'Enter, Justinian, who built the great church to God.'"

So he called together the architects, and masons, and workers in wood, and iron, and brass, and gold, and said to them, "Build me a church for God, such as there shall be none equal to it for magnificence. See that no one is suffered to contribute nail, or plank, or stone to it except myself. And when it is finished, inscribe above the great door of it these words: Built to God by the Great Emperor Justinian."

And the architects, and builders, and workers in wood, and brass, and gold, began to work. And soon the harbor was crowded with ships bringing marble to build the walls, and the streets with waggons, drawn by oxen, carrying the marble to the site. And by-and-by the walls began to rise. And after a time they were completed. Marble outside gloriously carved; inside, gold, and silver, and precious stones. Then a day to open it was set. And on the day before, above the great door, the words were carved as the Emperor had commanded: Built to God by the Great Emperor Justinian.

At last, on this day that was set, a chariot of gold was brought to the door of the palace, and the nobles, and chief captains, and priests, and all the great workers who had worked at the church, and all the army, came dressed in glorious apparel, and waited behind the chariot. Then the doors of the palace were thrown wide open, and amid the blowing of trumpets Justinian came out, shining in gold and purple and precious stones, and took his seat on the chariot of gold. Such a day had never been known in Constantinople. The streets resounded with music, and with the shoutings of the people, as the great emperor drove, at the head of his nobles and armies, to open the church he had built to God.

As he drew near to the church his heart swelled with pride. He alone had done the work for God.

He raised his eyes to see the inscription. But what he saw there was not what he expected to see. His face flushed with anger. His brow knit, his eyes flashed fire. Justinian's name was nowhere to be seen. What he read was this:—This house to God, Euphrasia, widow, gave.

Who had dared to mock Justinian in this way? He called for the carver of the inscription; but he, trembling, could only say it was the Emperor's name which he had carved. He called for architects, chief priests, chief captains. They replied in fear, "O mighty Emperor, this only we know, that last night our eyes beheld thy name, and not another, graven on that wall."

Then, when every one was silent, the chief priest found courage to say, "My lord Emperor, it may hap that this is not of man but of God. Who knows whether this strange name has not been written by the finger that wrote the Ten Commandments on stone, and the strange words on the walls of Belshazzar's palace?"

When this was said the Emperor began to tremble, and to ask, "Who, then, is Euphrasia the widow?" At first everybody thought she must be some rich lady, richer than the Emperor, who, unknown to him, had given more than he to the church. And a search began. And at last the search-

came to a poor cottage, near the docks where the marble for the church arrived. And in that cottage they found Euphrasia the widow, whose name was carved where the Emperor's had been. So they brought her straightway to Justinian to be examined. When she came into the Emperor's presence, what he saw was a poor old gray-haired woman with marks of sickness on her face. At first she had nothing to tell. She had not even heard of the inscription. Had she dared to disobey the commands of the Emperor? Had she given gold, or marble, or wood, or iron to the church? No, she had given neither gold nor marble, neither wood nor iron. "Hast thou done anything—anything at all—in connection with the building of this church?" Then the old woman said, "My lord Emperor, if I have done anything contrary to thy commands, it was in ignorance. This is my history since the church began to be built. I was laid down with sickness; my body was racked with pain. Weary days and nights passed over me. Month after month I lay in pain and sickness. But in my loneliness and distress God remembered me, and He sent a linnet to cheer me. It came every day to my window-sill and sang its song to me. And that song gladdened me, and filled my heart with thankfulness. And when I recovered I said to myself, 'I shall show my thankfulness to God in what way I can.' So, because I could do nothing else, I plucked handfuls of the straw on which I had been lying and scattered them on the sharp stones which cut the feet of the oxen that were dragging the marble from the ships. That was all."

But that was more than the great Emperor had given, who yet seemed to have given all. That was the gift of a loving and thankful heart. Even the proud Justinian was put to shame. "Verily," he said, "she has given the most in giving love, and therefore has her name been written by God above the door of this church."

Justinian sinned just as Nebuchadnezzar had done. God had given him riches and power, and he did not give the glory of them to God. And instead of praying, "Lead me not into temptation," he filled his heart with the pride of the thought that he would do something for which even the angels of God should give him praise.

You may be quite sure the old widow Euphrasia said every day of her life, "Lead me not into temptation." Her temptation was to think that God was forgetting her; she was so poor, so sick so racked with pain. But God kept her from yielding to that temptation. And besides that mercy, He sent her the linnet with its daily song. She never forgot that. She never ceased to be thankful for that. Though the bird was small, and the song only the song of a bird, Euphrasia knew that God's love to her was in both.

If Walter, of whom the next story tells, could have thought as she thought, and prayed as she prayed, and if he could have been contented with God's love in little things as she was, his life would have had a happier ending than it had.

He was young and strong. He lived among mountains in a beautiful land. One day he set forth, staff in hand, to climb the mountains. It was a lovely summer day. The trees cast their shadows on the sides of the mountains; birds sang in their branches. Little rills of water trickled over rocky beds on their way to the valley; flowers grew on every bank; and the heart of the young man glowed within him as he stepped from one beautiful object to another.

Still ascending the mountain, he came to a spot where roses bloomed and mosses were wet with the tiny stream below. He gave a cry of joy. Beneath the roses and the mosses his eye caught sight of a little purple flower—a flower he had long wished to get—the Luck-flower—

"The Wishing Wort, Forget me not."

Often had he heard of this flower, which blooms but once in seven years, and then only for a single day. He gathered it and set it on his breast, and then renewed his walk with steps more active than ever. He had climbed a long way from where he began; but to the top the way was longer still. High above him soared the peak of the mountain. Rougher and steeper grew the path. At last it ended at a sheer breast of rock. Walter sighed. Was he to fail so near the top? He saw a strong tuft rooted in a cleft of the rock. He seized it; he sprang up the steep. As his body swung to and fro, the Luck-flower on his breast touched the rock, and in a moment there was a hollow moan, a splitting open of the stone wall, and the entrance to a mighty cave. But still more wonderful, when he looked into the cavern he found it full of all precious things—gold and precious stones, stones red and green and yellow and purple. And there were diamonds sparkling clear as water from the spring. Never before had such riches been seen by him; never had he even dreamed of such. And it was no dream, but reality. A step farther, a step into the cavern, and he could touch the gems. Ah, if now, at that moment, he had lifted up his heart to God and said, "Lead me not into temptation, but deliver me from evil," how different his adventure would have been! But Walter in a moment forgot God, forgot the beautiful mountain he was climbing, forgot the Luck-flower which had so filled him with joy, forgot trees and flowers and songs of birds and all the happy, innocent, joyous life that God had given him, fastened his eyes greedily on the riches at his feet and on every side. In a moment he might be rich. And in a moment he stepped down into the wondrous cavern and began to fill his pockets, his breast and at last his cap with the rubies and diamonds and gold.

If you had seen him now! He was not the same bright and happy youth as when he set out in the morning. The face of youth was gone. The face of care was in its place. He had become in one hour a miser, a hoarder with no thought, amongst all his thoughts, but this—"It is the one good for me to gather these riches."

And if you had been near to see him you might also at that moment have heard a tiny voice sounding from the floor of the cavern, and saying, "Forget me not, forget me not." O poor foolish Walter! If this greed for gold and precious stones had only left him room to think, he would have known that it was the voice of the Luck-flower which had dropped out of his breast. It was the Luck-flower which had opened the mountain for him, and by which he had been admitted to all this wealth. But it was nothing to him now; he had forgotten it. He despised everything except the gold and the precious stones.

Again and yet again the flower called to him, "Forget me not—forget me not;" but Walter gave no heed. He heard the cry, and would not pause to think what it was. His one work now was to get home with his treasures. He turned; he made for the entrance. Behind him still sounded, but more and more faintly, the cry, "Forget me not." He was deaf. Another step, and he would be outside. But that other step was never to be taken. He had left his guardian angel behind him, on the floor of the cavern. It had opened the door for him; it could have kept it open till he was out. But it was no longer on his breast—not even kept in mind. Walter came up to the entrance. There was a rumbling noise, then a crash of rocks, and the youth was crushed between the closing sides of the mountain.

Many a child, setting out in life to climb the hill of life, finds this Luck-flower—this fear of the Lord—in the very lessons of the fireside. It is found in the hearts of godly mothers and fathers, and from theirs it passes into the hearts of the children. Happy is the child who, finding it, keeps fast hold of it to the end! It will open gates into the heavenly places where the riches of the soul are stored up. But, ah! the case too often is that many who have found it in their youth let it go, as Walter let go his "Forget me not." The greed of gold and of earthly splendor is like Walter's greed for the treasures of the cave. Everything else is let go. The old joys and the innocent thoughts of childhood are cast away, thrown into the dust, forgotten. And the life whose breath was the fear of God is at last crushed within them, and they become dead souls in the sight of God.—*Sunday Magazine.*

"I WILL NOT BE A CHRISTIAN."

"Won't you speak to that lady near you?" said Mr. W. to Mrs. F. in a revival-meeting in New York. "I think she has been here before."

Mrs. F. discovered her neighbor to be a lady in deep mourning, and drawing near her she asked kindly, "Have you come in to help us?"

"No; I have no interest here whatever. I am not a Christian."

"Would you not like to be?"

"No."

"May I enquire what has been your motive in coming, for I think you have been here before?"

"Certainly. I knew nothing of Mr. Moody's meetings, but in passing I heard some one singing 'Ninety-and-nine,' and as I am very fond of singing, I came in."

"Let us hope," said Mrs. F., "that it was the guidance of the Holy Spirit—the Shepherd calling his lost sheep. Shall we go in an adjacent ante-room and have a little talk?"

"Oh, yes," she replied, as she followed, "you may talk to me all you wish, but do not preach the Bible to me. I have heard that all my life. I know it from beginning to end."

"I will not pretend to preach the whole Bible, but we will just take part of a verse, turn it over and over, and eat it up."

This rather strange expression aroused her attention, and she listened with a little more interest as Mrs. F. quoted, "Whosoever will, let him take of the water of life freely."

"That is not for me," she said, "because I will not. Your efforts with me will be fruitless. All my friends and relatives are religious. I have been the subject of special prayer for many years, but it has been of no use. I have no desire to be any different. I do not wish to be a Christian."

"Are you happy as you are?"

"Oh, no, I am not at all happy; far from it."

"Then you need Christ, and my text is for you."

"I do not think so."

"Pardon me, I do not wish to intrude on your grief; but I see by your dress that you have been sorely afflicted."

"Yes indeed; my father, mother, and husband are all in heaven, while I will be left out."

"No, no," urged Mrs. F. "'Whosoever will.'"

"But I won't," persisted the wayward one. "It is said that sorrow softens the heart, but it has made mine harder than ever."

In vain Mrs. F. labored with her, applying her text in every form. The answers were all the same. One point only was gained: the lady promised to come again the next day. She kept her word, but there was only the same hopeless ground to be gone over.

"I fear," said Mrs. F. at last, "that you are very self-willed."

"That is just it. I have had my own way all my life. I would not submit to my parents; my husband could not control me. I would never yield to any one or anything, and I will not now. If I become a Christian, I must give up my own will, and that I cannot do. You are very kind, but I do not want Christ to rule over me."

On the following day Mr. Moody's text was singularly enough, "Whosoever will," &c. Mrs. F. was listening attentively, and thinking sadly of the strange lady who had so interested her, when a hand reached over and clasped hers tightly. Turning she beheld with surprise the object of her thoughts, as she had decidedly said she would not be there that day. "I have seen it," she said earnestly: "I have seen the nail-prints;" and then, as if to assert her old independence, "but I will not give up. I want to come, but I cannot, I will not."

She seemed exceedingly distressed. Mrs. F. tried long to help her, and was almost in despair for her, when with a new thought she said, "You look warm, my friend; lay your muff on the chair before you. It will be a relief."

The lady did so, and Mrs. F., taking her hand, exclaimed, "Just so, lay your burden of self will off on Christ."

Was it that a gleam of faith shot through her soul till she felt she could do just that, or was the struggle at its climax, and had this last word of encouragement, almost of loving authority, pressed down the balance on the right side of the scale in which she had been weighing her decision?

In an instant her face grew radiant, though the tears literally rained down her cheeks, and in a joyful, eager whisper she said, "I see, I see; I come, I come!" The proud spirit was broken at last.

A few days later, meeting Mrs. F. in the street, she greeted her with, "Oh, I am so happy. I am a different being. I have just come from my son who is sick, and he too has accepted Christ. How can I thank you enough!"

"Thank God; only thank God," said good Mrs. F. "I simply told you of the Shepherd who was seeking his own."—*American Messenger.*

HOW DID You make your money? is a very important question. The world does not press this question very nicely; but if you are giving away your money very freely, God may consider how you got it. There is a very common feeling that the first three-quarters of a man's life may be spent in getting money by all sorts of means, and that then if he will be very liberal and charitable, it will make it all right. Of course, if you can make $100,000 by short cuts, you can afford to give $10,000 to church objects—reserving $90,000 for your earthly comforts, and "placing" the other $10,000 in heavenly securities. Restitution in such cases (which is the only test) is rarely thought of—*Central Presbyterian.*

Question Corner.—No. 23.

Answers to these questions should be sent in as soon as possible and addressed EDITOR NORTHERN MESSENGER. It is not necessary to write out the question, give merely the number of the question and the answer. In writing letters always give clearly the name of the place where you live and the initials of the province in which it is situated.

BIBLE QUESTIONS.

265. Which of the prophets alludes to the great wisdom of Daniel?
266. Of how many years does the book of Genesis give an account?
267. What is the first city mentioned in the Bible?
268. How many sons had Gideon?
269. Who was Abimelech and how many of his brothers did he kill?
270. By what other name was Gideon known?
271. How did he receive this name?
272. Who, attended only by his armor-bearer, went over to the garrison of the Philistines and attacked them?
273. Who founded the city of Samaria?
274. Who besieged Samaria for the last time, and how long did the siege last?
275. Who was king of Israel at the time?
276. Who was king of Judah at this time?

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

1. A Roman Governor of Judea.
2. The first Judge of Israel.
3. A book of the Old Testament.
4. An Egyptian vegetable like the onion.
5. A precious stone.
6. A title applied to the Saviour.
7. A city of Macedonia.
8. A disciple who resided at Philippi.
9. A river of Syria.
10. An ingredient of the holy anointing oil.
11. An article of the priest's official dress.
12. A command of Christ
13. A grandson of Eli.
14. An instrument of music.
15. A brother-in-law of Moses.
16. A prophetess.
17. A vessel used in the tabernacle service.
18. A celebrated range of mountains in Syria.
19. An idol worshipped by the Ammonites.
20. David's oldest brother.
21. A town in Galilee.

The initials form an injunction of Paul's.

ANSWERS TO BIBLE QUESTIONS IN NO. 21.

241. Jephthah. Judges xi. 30, 39.
242. Samson. Judges xv. 4, 5.
243. Samson. Judges xv. 15.
244. Abraham. Gen. xxii. 2.
245. Rebekah. Gen. xxiv. 67.
246. Bethel. Gen. xxviii. 19.
247. He was fleeing from his brother Esau. Gen. xxvii. 42, 45.
248. Miriam. Num. xii. 10, 15.
249. Aaron's rod. Num. xvii. 6, 8.
250. Uzzah. 2 Sam. vi. 6, 7.
251. Revelation v. 5.
252. Elijah. 2 Kings i. 9, 12.

BIBLE ACROSTIC.

Farthing, Obed, Revelation, Thomas, Hor, Ecclesiastes, Leah, On, Vashti, Elijah, Olives, Figtree, Moab, Onions, Nahor, Esther, Yoke, Issachar, Shadrach, Tiberias, Herod, Elijah, Ruth, Og, Obadiah, Timbrel, Onesimus, Frog, Ahab, Lamentations, Lydia, Elisha, Vinegar, Ishmael, Laban.

"For the love of money is the root of all evil."

CORRECT ANSWERS RECEIVED.

To No 20—George Y. Donaldson, 12 ac; Alex. McEachren, 12 ac; Rebecca Justin, 12 ac; Maggie D. Becket, 12; Janet Pattison, 12; Lizzie Christie, 12; Sarah E. Pattison 12; Annie M. Pattison, 12; George R. Keys, 10; Mary Jane Long, 8.

SCHOLARS' NOTES.

(From Westminster Question Book.)

FIRST QUARTER.

LESSON I.

Jan. 1.] [Mark 1:1-13.

THE BEGINNING OF THE GOSPEL.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 9-11.

1. The beginning of the gospel of Jesus Christ, the son of God;

2. As it is written in the prophets, Behold, I send my messenger before thy face, which shall prepare thy way before thee.

3. The voice of one crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make his paths straight.

4. John did baptize in the wilderness, and preach the baptism of repentance for the remission of sins.

5. And there went out unto him all the land of Judæa, and they of Jerusalem, and were all baptized of him in the river of Jordan, confessing their sins.

6. And John was clothed with camel's hair, and with a girdle of a skin about his loins; and he did eat locusts and wild honey.

7. And preached, saying, There cometh one mightier than I after me, the latchet of whose shoes I am not worthy to stoop down and unloose.

8. I indeed have baptized you with water; but he shall baptize you with the Holy Ghost.

9. And it came to pass in those days, that Jesus came from Nazareth of Galilee, and was baptized of John in Jordan.

10. And straightway coming up out of the water, he saw the heavens opened, and the Spirit like a dove descending upon him:

11. And there came a voice from heaven, saying, Thou art my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased.

12. And immediately the Spirit driveth him into the wilderness.

13. And he was there in the wilderness forty days, tempted of Satan; and was with the wild beasts; and the angels ministered unto him.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"Behold, I will send my messenger, and he shall prepare the way before me."—Mal. 3:1.

TOPIC.—Christ's Way Prepared.

LESSON PLAN.—1. THE FORERUNNER. 2. THE ONE MIGHTIER. 3. THE HEAVENLY WITNESS. 4. THE EARTHLY CONFLICT.

Time: A.D. 26, 27. Place: The desert—Jordan.

NOTE.—Our Saviour was born B.C. 4, or four years before the date from which we reckon "the year of our Lord." If this mistake had not been made many centuries ago, the present year would have been A.D. 1886, instead of 1882.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY.—The author of this Gospel was John, whose surname was Mark. Acts 12: 25. His mother was Mary, the sister of Barnabas. Col. 4: 10. She lived at Jerusalem, and her house was sometimes the resort of the apostle Peter. Acts 12: 12. Mark was converted under the preaching of Peter (1 Pet. 5: 13), and his gospel was probably written under Peter's direction. It omits all mention of our Lord's birth and early years, and begins with the baptism of John. It narrates the leading events in mainly chronological order, in brief, rapid sketches, and yet with fulness of detail and graphic power. Its leading design is given in the first verse—to show that JESUS CHRIST IS THE SON OF GOD.

I. THE FORERUNNER.—(1-8.) Parallel passages, Matt. 3: 1-12; Luke 3: 1-18. V. 1. THE BEGINNING—as if he had said, "Here beginneth." THE GOSPEL—good news of salvation. JESUS—Saviour. CHRIST—the Anointed One, the Messiah, Luke 2: 11. THE SON OF GOD—the second Person of the Trinity, Immanuel, God with us. THE PROPHETS—two passages are here quoted from the Old Testament in which the Forerunner is foretold—the first Mal. 3: 1, and the second Isa. 40: 3. MY MESSENGER—as the Messiah was to be a King, a herald was to go before him to prepare the people for his coming. V. 3. WILDERNESS—a wild, hilly, mainly-populated region. PREPARE YE—the reign of the Messiah was to be spiritual, and the preparation was to be one of the heart. Mal. 4: 6. He called upon the people to get ready for his coming, to take obstacles out of the way, to prepare to receive him. V. 4. The Forerunner is pointed out. JOHN—the Baptist, the son of Zacharias, the priest and Elizabeth, the cousin of Mary, the mother of our Lord. DID BAPTIZE—this was the seal and badge of his ministry. IN THE WILDERNESS—a region east of Jerusalem bordering on the Jordan. PREACH—proclaim as herald. THE BAPTISM OF REPENTANCE—a profession of turning from sin. REMISSION—freedom from the penalty of sin. Without repentance there is no forgiveness. Luke 13: 3. JORDAN—the principal river of Palestine, running through the country from north to south and emptying into the Dead Sea. CONFESSING THEIR SINS—we cannot be pardoned without confession. V. 6. CAMEL'S HAIR—coarse cloth woven from the hair of the camel. LOCUSTS—insects still used as food by the poor of Palestine and Syria. WILD HONEY—taken from rocks or hollow trees.

II. THE ONE MIGHTIER.—(7, 8.) V. 7. The people began to think that John was the Messiah (Luke 3: 15), but he said, "I am not." John 1: 20. THE LATCHET—the strap by which the sandals were fastened. SHOES—soles of wood or leather fastened to the feet by straps. To carry, to tie and to untie the shoes was the work of the lowest servant. V. 8. WITH THE HOLY GHOST—cleansing you from the defilement of sin and making you pure and holy. John's baptism—a mere sprinkling of water, which of itself had no cleansing power—was but a symbol of what Christ would do—baptize with the Holy Ghost.

III. THE HEAVENLY WITNESS.—(9-11.) Parallel passages, Matt. 3: 13-17; Luke 3: 21, 22. V. 9. IN THOSE DAYS—after John had been preaching and baptizing for some months. NAZARETH—a town of Galilee about sixty-six miles north of Jerusalem, where Jesus lived until he began his ministry. V. 10. STRAIGHTWAY—immediately. OPENED—or, according to the marginal reading, "cloven, or rent." THE SPIRIT—the Holy Spirit. LIKE A DOVE—in visible form. Thus the Holy Spirit gave witness to the Son from heaven. V. 11. MY BELOVED SON—"My Son, the beloved." The word Son is used in a peculiar sense. The divine nature and eternal sonship of Christ are clearly implied. IN WHOM I AM WELL PLEASED—in whom I find my delight. See Isa. 42: 1; Matt. 12: 18; 17: 5. Thus the Father gave witness to the Son from heaven.

IV. THE EARTHLY CONFLICT.—(12, 13.) Parallel passages, Matt. 4: 1-11; Luke 4: 1-13. V. 12. DRIVETH—impels, strongly urges him. The same word in Matt. 9: 38 is translated "send forth." WILDERNESS—tradition points to a high mountain near Jericho, on the banks of the Jordan. V. 13. TEMPTED—tried, attacked with artful efforts to lead him into sin. SATAN—the devil, the great enemy of Christ and his works. ANGELS MINISTERED—helped him, gave him such support as his suffering human nature needed. As Christ himself was tempted he knows how to feel for us when we are tempted.

TEACHINGS:

1. The gospel of Jesus is good news from God to man.
2. Our hearts must be prepared to receive the gospel.
3. Without repentance we cannot be saved.
4. If we confess and forsake our sins, we shall be forgiven.
5. Water baptism will not save us; we need the baptism of the Holy Spirit.
6. God will send his Spirit into our hearts to cleanse us and give us new hearts if we ask him. Ps. 51: 10.
7. Jesus is the Son of God; let us trust in him.
8. Jesus was tempted; he therefore knows how to help us when we are tempted.

REMEMBER that He whose earthly life we are now studying came into the world to be your Saviour; ask God to give you the Holy Spirit to prepare your heart to receive him; confess and forsake all your sins because they grieve God; pray for a pure and holy heart, that all your life may please him.

LESSON II.

Jan. 8.] [Mark 1: 14-28.

JESUS IN GALILEE.

COMMIT TO MEMORY vs. 27, 28.

14. Now after that John was put in prison, Jesus came into Galilee, preaching the gospel of the kingdom of God,

15. And saying, The time is fulfilled, and the kingdom of God is at hand; repent ye, and believe the gospel.

16. Now as he walked by the sea of Galilee, he saw Simon and Andrew his brother casting a net into the sea; for they were fishers.

17. And Jesus said unto them, Come ye after me, and I will make you to become fishers of men.

18. And straightway they forsook their nets and followed him.

19. And when he had gone a little farther thence, he saw James the son of Zebedee, and John his brother, who also were in the ship mending their nets.

20. And straightway he called them: and they left their father Zebedee in the ship with the hired servants, and went after him.

21. And they went into Capernaum; and straightway on the sabbath day he entered into the synagogue, and taught.

22. And they were astonished at his doctrine: for he taught them as one that had authority, and not as the scribes.

23. And there was in their synagogue a man with an unclean spirit, and he cried out,

24. Saying, Let us alone; what have we to do with thee thou Jesus of Nazareth? art thou come to destroy us? I know thee who thou art, the Holy One of God.

25. And Jesus rebuked him, saying, Hold thy peace, and come out of him.

26. And when the unclean spirit had torn him, and cried with a loud voice, he came out of him.

27. And they were all amazed, insomuch that they questioned among themselves, saying, What thing is this? what new doctrine is this? for with authority commandeth he even the unclean spirits, and they do obey him.

28. And immediately his fame spread abroad throughout all the region round about Galilee.

GOLDEN TEXT.—"The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light."—Isa. 9: 2.

TOPIC.—Christ Beginning his Ministry.

LESSON PLAN.—1. BEGINNING TO PREACH. 2. BEGINNING TO CALL. 3. BEGINNING TO RULE.

Time: April, A.D. 28, more than one year after the last lesson. Place: Galilee, the Sea of Galilee.—Capernaum.

HELPS TO STUDY.

INTRODUCTORY.—Mark omits all mention of the events between our Lord's temptation and the imprisonment of John the Baptist (see John 1: 19-5: 47) and passes at once to his public official ministry, which began when that of John ended.

I. BEGINNING TO PREACH.—(14, 15.) Parallel passages, Matt. 4: 17; Luke 4: 14, 15. John 4: 43-46. V. 14. JOHN WAS PUT IN PRISON—see Matt. 4: 12; 14: 3, 4; Mark 6: 17, 18. This was probably in March, A.D. 28. GALILEE—the most northern of the three provinces into which Palestine was divided. PREACHING THE GOSPEL—telling the glad news that the promised reign of Christ was now begun. V. 15. THE TIME IS FULFILLED—the set time has come.

II. BEGINNING TO CALL.—(16-20.) Parallel passages, Matt. 4: 18-22; Luke 5: 1-11. V. 16. SEA OF GALILEE—now called Lake Tiberias. It lies on the east of the province of Galilee. It is of oval shape, fourteen and three-quarter miles long and seven miles wide. From among the fishermen on this lake Christ chose his first followers, four of whom are here named. Three of them, Peter, Andrew and John, were already his disciples. John 1: 35-42. He now called the four to be all the time with him, that he might train them to be his apostles. V. 17. FISHERS OF MEN—to save men was now to be their work. STRAIGHTWAY—at once. The Master calls us to be his disciples. We should heed the call, and follow him first of all.

III. BEGINNING TO RULE.—(21-28.) Parallel passage, Luke 4: 31-37. V. 21. CAPERNAUM—a large city on the western shore of the lake, near its northern end. Its site is a matter of dispute, but probably the ruins of Tell Hum mark the place. SYNAGOGUE—a Jewish place of worship where the Scriptures were read and explained and prayers were offered. It had ruling elders and a minister. Luke 4: 20. Our Lord always attended church on the Sabbath; we should follow his example. TAUGHT—probably at the invitation of the elders. V. 22. NOT AS THE SCRIBES—the scribes were the writers and expounders of the law. They rested their teachings on the authority of the ancient doctors of the law. Jesus quoted no doctors, but gave the sense and applied the word with boldness. His preaching was plain, practical and pungent. V. 24. WHAT HAVE WE TO DO—what is there common to us? why should you interfere with us? I KNOW THEE—he knew that Jesus had come to destroy the works of the devil (1 John 3: 8), and he cried in terror, "Let us alone." THE HOLY ONE OF GOD—the Messiah, whom God has set apart for this work of destruction. V. 25. REBUKED HIM—the evil spirit. Jesus never allowed the demons to bear witness to him. V. 26. HE CAME OUT OF HIM—but in so doing he showed all the spite and did all the harm he could. V. 27. AMAZED—the new Teacher commanded, as well as taught with authority.

TEACHINGS:

1. A lesson of repentance and faith—we must repent and believe the gospel.
2. A lesson of obedience—when Jesus calls, we must leave all and follow him.
3. A lesson of service—these disciples were not only to follow him, but also to serve him. We must work for Jesus.
4. A lesson of Sabbath-keeping—Jesus observed the day by attending public worship. We must imitate his example.
5. A lesson of deliverance—none but Jesus could cure this demoniac. None but Jesus can deliver us from Satan's power. Heb. 2: 14. He is our Deliverer.
6. A lesson of Christ's majesty and power—we often speak of his love, gentleness and compassion. But he is the Son of God. All power is given to him in heaven and earth.

REMEMBER that Jesus still continues to us the ministry which he began in Galilee, not in his own person and presence, but by his word and ministers. To us the gospel is preached, and we are called upon to repent and believe, to follow him and obey his commands. Let it not be in vain that we hear these great truths, from Sabbath to Sabbath, in the church and in the Sabbath-school.

THE ROLL CALL

The art patrons of the North were especially quick to recognize the new military painter, and it was from the North that she received her first commission—the commission for "The Roll Call."

The subject of "The Roll Call" was of course the artist's own choice. It had long been in her mind, it was painted in buoyant confidence and hope, sent to the Academy and — the rest of it is history. So far Miss Thompson's relations with Burlington House may be thus succinctly described.—First year, rejected with a rent in the canvas; second year, rejected without a rent; third year, skyed; fourth year, "The Roll-Call" on the line. The first intimation received by the artist, in her suspense, of the astonishing success of her work, came from the interior of the Academy. The selecting committee had hailed the picture in its presentation for judgment with a round of cheers—a generous and cordial recognition which took the artist fairly by surprise. Then came the royal speeches at the banquet, then the newspaper shout of congratulation, and then the "public" spoke. It is not given to many, even among great geniuses, to move the heart of the million. Masters in literature, in painting, in music, have been fain to content themselves with an audience "fit though few." But an audience of the whole people listened to this young girl's story of "Calling the Roll after an engagement in the Crimea." The people, by the way, would have none of this academy-catalogue title; as usual with the things it really cares for, it gave the picture a name of its own. During the excitement created by the work, and literally unparalleled since Wilkies' "Blind Fiddler" occasioned a similar furore, the artist who had set the town in a ferment never relaxed labor for a week. Yet she had not only public applause, but the caresses of London society to tempt her from her easel. The public press was full of her. Wild stories were set afloat as to her origin and history; a quarter of a million of her photographs were sold within a few weeks; the retirement and quiet of her private life fostered the public curiosity and she became, in spite of herself and wholly through her work, a lion. An incident without precedent in the annals of the Academy occurred: Her picture was removed from its place on the walls in the height of the season by the Queen's command, and taken to Windsor for inspection; and so greatly was Her Majesty, whose interest in her army is intense, pleased with the work, that she intimated her wish to become its purchaser. The owner, whose happy commission had given it being, loyally ceded it to her supreme claim.—*Treasury of Art.*

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